

Mayor Mitchel Guarded from "Reds"; Edison Trudges with Flag

Preparedness Patriots March; 137,000 in Line

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the parade was first suggested scarcely a month ago and that hardly more than the cost of postage had served to bring the preparedness host together seemed almost inconceivable.

Not a hitch marred the programme. In the reviewing stand an erect, gray-haired man stood at attention from 10:30 o'clock in the morning until late at night, his hand rising and falling from side to side and from side to side in salute. Perhaps he was the happiest of the reviewing officials, for the demonstration struck to his heart.

General Wood Is Happy.

The gray-haired man was Major General Leonard Wood, whose chief fame has come to him as a high priest of preparedness. Beside him were Mayor Mitchel, Rear Admiral Nathaniel Usher, commandant at the Brooklyn navy yard; Joseph H. Choate, onetime Ambassador to Great Britain; Colonel Sherrill, grand marshal of the parade, and members of the Mayor's official party.

Opposite General Wood loomed the great granite shaft which marks the burial place of Major General Worth.

The command was "Eyes right!" as the reviewing stand was passed, but eyes that wandered to the left met those words on the side of the monument which tell General Worth's story—"Perote, Pueblo, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec."

And now it is Mexico again.

That other high priest of preparedness, Colonel Roosevelt, was not present, but a disciple of his "Fear God and take your own part" cult kept his memory green. The disciple stood in the forefront of the crowd at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. He bore a big picture of the Colonel, which he displayed as each company went by, and never once did he show it without drawing a cheer from the marchers and an echo of the cheer from the spectators at his back.

Another sort of banner displayed just to the south of the reviewing stand got a different sort of reception. It was a red banner, flaunted by Henry Babcock, a votary of the Rev. Buck White. On it was printed "Church of the Social Revolution." Babcock was accompanied by three young women, who distributed pamphlets headed: "Workers of the world, awake! If you don't get Militarism, Militarism will get you!"

Babcock was arrested after he had broken through the crowd and waved his banner in the faces of the marchers.

Another of the feeble efforts of those who are against preparedness to counteract the sentiment engendered by the parade was a big banner displayed on a building across from the reviewing stand. It had been hung by members of the Woman's Peace party, and this was its message:

"To the Marchers: There are only 100,000 of you. You are not the only patriots. Two million farmers, half a million mine workers and organized labor throughout America are against what you and Wall Street are marching for. Are you sure you are right?"

Reds' Demonstration Fails.

Becky Edelson, Emma Goldman, et al., had planned another counter demonstration, but their plans went awry. The two, with a dozen other "reds," had stationed themselves in the building at 208 Fifth Avenue, on which they had fixed a "War Against War" banner. Chief Inspector Schmittberger learned of the plans and before the first of the marchers were that far north the anti-war warriors had been locked in

BATTALION OF NURSES SPARKLES AS SUN BEAMS ON WHITE UNIFORMS.



Women who minister to wants of patients in Allied hospitals demonstrate their belief in self-defense by taking part in city's march for preparedness.

Americanism the Great Idea From Van to Rear Guard of Line

At half-past nine the divisions of the parade lay about the city in widely scattered pieces. The plan was perfect in theory, but the great question was yet to be answered as to whether it would work, whether piece by piece for thirteen hours the parts of the parade would fall unerringly into place and keep the column running with unbroken union past the reviewing stand.

At half-past nine the head of the parade started at City Hall, and precisely at half-past ten, on time to a second, it reached the reviewing stand at Madison Square.

Through the sombre hours of the cloudy morning, through the sunlight of midday and afternoon, through the fall of dusk into the darkness of night, rank after rank of citizenry went by without break or halt or delay. Rank after rank of clean cut young men, of sturdy older men, of women and guardsmen they went, demonstrating the Great Idea, driving it home into the consciousness of the city and the country with a seemingly endless iteration.

It was that endless iteration that made the parade impressive, even spectacular, imaging in the memories of those who saw it, and felt it, a more lasting impression than the circus, the pageant of uniforms and floats, the procession of former times with lesser ideas to present.

There were skeptics who prophesied the parade would be dull, but the parade would lack color and variety and beauty. It would be simply the passing of ordinary men, without banners or inscriptions, herded into lines and pouring past with a tiresome sameness.

Great Idea Marches in Line.

There was a sameness, but after watching it for an hour the significance of that sameness began to emerge. The Great Idea became clear. Here was a day and a demonstration when 137,000 people were just Americans, marching in a united purpose, millionaire and laboring man in equal ranks, one rank as good as another, each meaning just as much as any other meant. It was a case of every body footing on the same level, and the only colors they carried were American flags.

That was the Great Idea of the parade. Here is the mechanism of it. It all began at City Hall where Mayor Mitchel, General Leonard Wood and Rear Admiral Nathaniel Usher came down the steps and got into the only two vehicles allowed in the parade. These three men were the reviewing officers.

A squadron of mounted police closed about the Mayor's carriage, and a detachment of fourteen plainclothes men from Headquarters formed a second screen outside the mounted men. It was a day of intense feeling; there had been threats of protest against the idea of the parade, and no chances were to be taken with what hotheads might do.

The Mayor's carriage started, and as it passed through the lanes of people who lined the way, the cordon of police along the curb, in obedience to the same order, to guard the Mayor, turned their faces toward the people and kept their eyes on them until he had passed.

The head of the column turned into Centre Street and thence into Lafayette. Work was suspended in the factories along these streets and cheering workers thronged the windows of the flag draped buildings. Progress of the march past the Tomb, and against the bars of the upper tier windows pressed the faces of prisoners. Their hands fluttered the enthusiasm that prison rules forbade their voices from uttering.

Many Cheers Greet Wood.

Through Fourth Street, across Washington Square and into Fifth Avenue the column moved. The completion of the parade by the Mayor was aided from the people by the screen of policemen prevented many from recognizing him and there was a lack of cheers for him. But the carriage containing General Wood rolled along unobstructed by guards, and the military uniforms it proclaimed to the people that here were dignitaries of unusual account. The result was that General Wood's progress was marked by a running flow of cheers.

It was, in fact, a day of triumph for General Wood, for here was a vast throng of citizens moving in accord to uphold the idea he has preached more continuously and eloquently and with better knowledge of its need than any one else.

Exactly one hour from the start Charles H. Sherrill, grand marshal, riding at the very apex of the line, flanked opposite the reviewing stand. The carriages with the reviewing officers drove through the opened ranks of police and marshal's aids, and they took their places. The first objective had been achieved—the parade was going from Bowling Green to Madison Square, and the great centre of interest and operations had been established.

Grand Marshal Sherrill established his headquarters here, and from this point directed the continual formation of the line.

When the start had been made at City Hall there was soaring overhead a great war plane from Governor's Island. From his point of vantage, the pilot could see men swarming into the streets about Bowling Green and Wall Street and marching out into Broadway. As he flew uptown he could see other thousands about City Hall, others

according to the marshal's dispatch report to the grand marshal. Then came the rubber trade, 2,200; drygoods, 9,000; knit goods and worsted trades, 2,000; theatre and allied arts, 400; printing, 325; electrical division, 1,500; furs, 500; candy, 500; silk, 6,000; lace and embroidery importers' Association, 1,100; and the engineers, 7,000.

With the coming of the engineers there went up the greatest personal tribute given to any man in the line. At the head of the division was Thomas A. Edison, leading his colleagues on the United States Naval Consulting Board. He wore his well worn business suit and his slouch hat. No one seemed to fail to recognize him.

He looked up as if wondering why so many should shout for him at the reviewing point, and then smiled boyishly at them. White-haired and stoop shouldered, he sturdily carried his flag, passing from one outbreak of cheers to another.

"Seem to like me," says Edison. "They seem to like me," he said. His comrades expected his age to force him to fall out long before the dismissal point was reached, but no step was steeper than his, and it was not until his division was disbanded at Fifty-seventh Street that he quit.

Following the engineers came the men's hat trade division, 908 strong; corset trade, 325; mail order houses, 1,200; publishers, 400; piano trade, 1,400; haberdashery, 1,000; upholsterers, 1,200; carpets, 1,000; pottery and glass trades, 1,000; garment salesmen, 1,000; needle trades, 1,500; lighting, 9,000; architects, 1,200; and the clergymen, 300. The last division brought forth especial enthusiasm, for at the head of the clergymen marched a rank of those who attended the Plattsburg military camp.

Following the ministers came the millinery association, 3,000; the clothing trades, 1,000; paper, 3,000; hardware, 2,500; wholesale grocery, 1,400; Brooklyn business men, 1,500; lumber trade, 600; sporting goods, 950; hides and leather, 700; the Coal Association, 650; Oil Association, 750; Exporters' Association, 1,000; and the Certified Accountants, 250.

Then came the Insurance Association,

governors, at the head of which were H. H. Thomas, a former president of the exchange, and H. K. Pomeroy, who also once held the same office.

J. Lorimer Worden, a grandson of Admiral Worden, who commanded the Merrimack, captained one line of the exchange members. All twenty of them were over six feet.

A few minutes after the certified accountants had passed Cedar Street Mayor Mitchel, accompanied by George T. Wilson, a vice-president and director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, led 9,000 insurance men into Broadway. By the time Dr. William Jay Schieffelin, assisted by his oldest son, William Jay Schieffelin, Jr., who was one of the marshal's mounted aids, and Schieffelin Schieffelin, had brought his thousand men out of Gold Street into Cedar Street the marchers were two hours and a quarter behind the schedule.

The transportation division followed close. Here marched as a unit Walter J. L. Barham, W. K. Vandenberg, J. A. S. Franklin, H. O. Havemeyer and Ralph Peters. Followed them the Lower Wall Street Association.

More than a thousand of the lawyers were cutaways and high hats. At the head of the column was Alton B. Parker. Close behind him, carrying the banner, was Charles E. Hughes, Jr., son of Supreme Court Justice Hughes. Then marched thirty or more Brooklyn and New York judges. Representatives of the bench, under Judge Hotchkiss, were in line. They were Magistrates Levy, Marsh, Cobb, Appleton, Dart, Simms, McQuade, Harris, Boelling, Groehl and McQuade, and Justices J. Clark, Hoyt, Collins, Mayo, Wilkins, O'Brien, Philip J. McCook, Judges La Fetra and Ransom, of the City Court; De Lancey Nicoll, Arthur F. Conboy, Cornelius W. Wickersham, Elitha Root, Jr., Alfred Ely, Henry A. Glider, John M. Bowers and Francis L. Stetson.

Among the lawyers were Paul D. Cravath, S. Stanwood, Menken, J. Morgan Stimson, John Milburn, J. Morgan Stimson, Philip J. McCook, Judges La Fetra and Ransom, of the City Court; De Lancey Nicoll, Arthur F. Conboy, Cornelius W. Wickersham, Elitha Root, Jr., Alfred Ely, Henry A. Glider, John M. Bowers and Francis L. Stetson.

Woman Gasp as Throng of "He" Milliners Passes

From Washington Square and the side streets thousands of men of the millinery, clothing and boot and shoe trades set out in a long, thickly massed line at 1:30 yesterday afternoon, which stretched from Fourth Street, through Washington Square and under the Memorial Arch, to Fifth Avenue. Each man carried a flag.

Milliners, led by F. W. Seybel, were the first to start up the avenue, falling in line behind the clergymen's division. The column extended seven blocks. A woman on the crowded balcony of the Hotel Brevoort expressed the thought in nearly every one's mind: "I didn't know there were so many he milliners in the world."

On Fourth Street endless ranks of boot and shoe men fell in, led by their marshal, Nathaniel C. Fisher. For once a public meeting in Union Square agreed on its business there and how to do it. Philip Ruxton, marshal of the printing and bookbinders, led in the spirit of preparedness and had most of his marchers lined up an hour before marching time. The theatres, electrical, fur, candy and silk divisions followed, and all were ready to set out on the march.

The great sign "German Life," the corner building at the north-east corner of Union Square was topped by a massive United States flag. But this was symbolic of the parade—all were united under the Stars and Stripes. Even the uniforms of the bands in the lighting trades division.

PEACE SOCIETY TO MEET

Will Vote on Netherlands' Organization's Request to Appeal to President. Action was begun yesterday upon the recent appeal of the Netherlands Anti-War Council urging that America lead the neutral nations in a new offer of mediation and to urge President Wilson to promote a conference.

The American branch of the central organization for durable peace will hold a meeting of prominent men and women of this country on Tuesday. At that time, according to Rev. Fredrick Lynch, secretary of the American branch, will take a final vote as to whether to appeal to the President.

NEW ENGLAND

The Vacation Land

Seashore
Mountains
Lakes
Islands
Woods

A thousand resorts offering every summer benefit and pleasure

Many lines on map indicate through car service.
New York to Portland, ten hours.
New York to White Mountains, ten hours.
New York to Bar Harbor, seventeen hours.

Write for FREE BOOKLETS, stating region you prefer

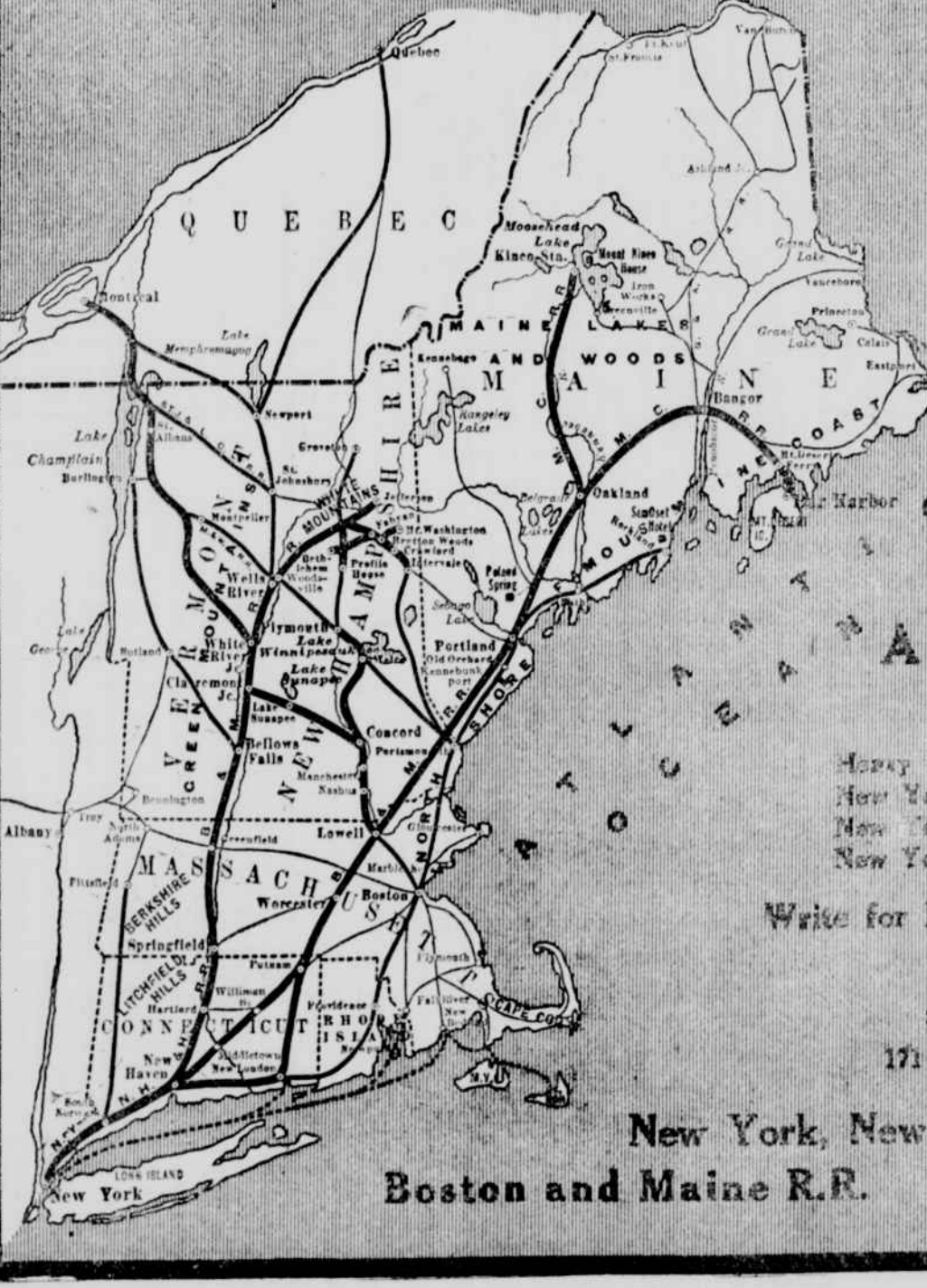
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